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ACCOMAC C. H., VA. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

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Offices—Eastville, Northampton Co.,
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and Northampton counties.

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Prompt attention to all business.

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Will practice in all the State courts.

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and Northampton counties.

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Practice in all courts on the Eastern
Shore of Virginia.

L. FLOYD NOCK,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
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Will practice in all courts of Accomac
and Northampton counties.
Prompt attention to all business.

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—Accomac C. H., Va.—
Practices in all the courts of Accomac
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Will practice in all the courts of Accomac
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Office—Onancock, Va., every
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each month for the practice of his
profession.

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—A Christian Home School, Interdenominational, Coeducational—
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A first-class preparatory school for the leading colleges of the
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pose of the balance of our
entire stock of
WINTER CLOTHING,
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BOUND IN A PACKAGE

BUNDLES OF LIFE THE SUBJECT OF
DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Great Preacher Draws Inspiration
From a Homely Phraseology,
Spiritual and Physical, is Divinely
Protected.

[Copyright, 1899, by American Press Asso-
ciation.]
WASHINGTON, March 5.—Under the
familiar image of a bundle Dr. Talmage
shows in this sermon the things which
go to make up man's earthly and heav-
enly life: text, I Samuel xxv. 29, "The
soul of my Lord shall be bound in the
bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

Beautiful Abigail, in her charming
pleasure the rescue of her inebriate hus-
band, who died within ten days, ad-
dressed David, the warrior, in the words
of the text. She suggests that his life,
physically and intellectually and spiri-
tually, is a valuable package or bundle,
divinely bound up and to be divinely
protected.

The phrase "bundle of life" I heard
many times in my father's family pray-
ers. Family prayers, you know, have
frequent repetitions, because day by
day they acknowledge about the same
blessings and deplore about the same
frailties and sympathize with about
the same misfortunes, and I do not
know why those who lead at household
devotions should seek variety of com-
position. That familiar prayer becomes
the household liturgy. I would not give
one of my old father's prayers for 50
elocutionary supplications. Again and
again, in the morning and evening
prayer, I heard the request that we
might all be bound up in the bundle of
life, but I did not know until a few
days ago that the phrase was a Bible
phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the bet-
ter I like it. Bundle of life! It is such
a simple and unpretending yet expres-
sive comparison. There is nothing like
grandeur in the Scriptures. While there
are many sublime passages in Holy Writ,
these are the words of the great
homely and drawing illustrations from
common observation and everyday life.
In Christ's great sermon you hear a
hen clucking her chicks together, and
see the photographs of hypocrites with
a sad countenance, and hear of the grass
of the field, and the black crows, which
our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt
that is worthless, and the precious
stones that are under the feet of swine,
and the shifting sand that lets down
the house with a great crash, and hear
the comparison of the text, the most
unpoetical thing we can think of—a
bundle. Ordinarily it is something
tossed about, something thrown under
the table, something that suggests gar-
rets or something on the shoulder of a
poor wanderer. But there are bundles
of great value, bundles put up with
great caution, bundles the loss of
which means consternation and despair,
and there have been bundles represent-
ing the worth of a kingdom.

Blessed Bundles.
During the last spell of cold weather
there were bundles that attracted the
attention and the plaudits of the high
heavens, bundles of clothing on the way
from comfortable homes to the door of
the mission room, and Christ stood in
the snow banks and said as the bundles
passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me."
Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
of the least of these my brethren, ye
have done it unto me. These bundles
are multiplying. Blessings on those who
pack them. Blessings on those who dis-
tribute them. Blessings on those who
receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did
Abigail in my text speak of the bundle
of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is
life! Bundle of memories, bundle of
hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of
destinies! Once in a while the story of
his autobiography and it is of thrilling
interest. The story of his birthplace,
the story of his struggles, the story of
his sufferings, the story of his triumphs!
But if the autobiography of the most
eventful life were written it would
make many chapters of adventure, of
tragedy, of comedy, and there would
not be an uninteresting step from cradle
to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boy-
hood memories, with all its injustices
from playmates, with all its games
with ball and bat and kite and sled.
Manhood memories, with all your strug-
gles in starting—obstacles, oppositions,
accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes.
Memories of the first marriage you ever
saw solemnized, of the first grave you
ever saw opened, of the first mighty
wrong you ever suffered, of the first
victory you ever gained. Memory of the
hour when you were affianced, memory
of the first advent in your home, memory
of the roseate cheek faded and of blue
eyes closed in the sleep of death.
Memories of the first marriage of great
and of slow convalescence, memory
of times when all things were against
you, memory of prosperities that came
in like the full tide of the sea, memo-
ries of a lifetime. What a bundle!

I lift that bundle today and unloose
the cord that binds it, and for a mo-
ment you look in and see tears and
smiles and laughter and groans and
nocturns and midnights of experience,
and then I tie again the bundle with
heartstrings that have some time vi-
brated with joy and anon been thrum-
med by fingers of woe.

Hopes and Ambitions.
Bundle of hopes and ambitions also
is almost every man and woman, espe-
cially at the starting. What gains he
will achieve, or what reputation he
will reach, or what love he will win.
What makes college commencement day
so entrancing to all of us as we see the
students receive their diplomas and take
up the garlands thrown to their feet?
They will be Faradays in science; they
will be Tenisons in poetry; they will
be Willard Parkers in surgery; they
will be Alexander Hamiltons in na-
tional finance; they will be Horace
Greens in editorial chair; they will
be Websters in the senate. Or she will
be a Mary Lyon in educational realm,
or a Frances Willard on reformatory
platform, or a Helen Gould in military
hospitals. Or she will make home
radiant with helpfulness and self sacri-
fice and magnificent womanhood. Oh,
what a bundle of hopes and ambitions!
It is a bundle of garlands and scepters
from which I would not take one spark
of mignonette nor extinguish one spark
of brilliance. They who start life with

ent bright hopes and inspiring ambi-
tions might as well not start at all, for
every step will be a failure. Rather
would I add to the bundle, and if I open
it now it will not be because I wish to
take anything from it, but that I may
put into it more coronets and hosannas.
Bundle of faculties in every man and
every woman! Power to think, to
think of the past and through it the
future, to think upward and higher
than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or
to think downward until there is no
lower abyss to fathom. Power to think
right, power to think wrong, power to
think forever, for once having begun
to think, there shall be no terminus for
that exercise, and eternity itself shall
have no power to bid it halt. Faculties
to love—filial love, conjugal love, pa-
ternal love, maternal love, love of coun-
try, love of God. Faculty of judgment,
with scales so delicate and yet so mighty
they can weigh arguments, weigh emo-
tions, weigh words, weigh heaven and
hell. Faculty of will, that can climb
mountains or tunnel them, waste seas
or bridge them, accepting eternal ex-
trication or choosing everlasting
exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh,
what it is to be a woman! Sublime and
infinite bundle of faculties! The thought
of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns
me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh,
what a bundle of life Abigail of my
text saw in David and which we ought
to see in every human yet immortal be-
ing!

Carefully Wrapped Up.
Know also that a bundle may have
in it more than one invaluable. It may
contain an embroidered robe and a pair
of slippers. A bundle may have two
treasures. Abigail in my text rec-
ognized this when she said to David,
"The soul of my Lord is bound in the
bundle of life with the Lord thy God."
And Abigail was right. We may be
bound up with a loving and sym-
pathetic God. We may be as near to him
as ever were Emanuel and only united
in one ring as ever were two diamonds
in one package, as ever were two vases
on the same shelf, as ever were two val-
uables in the same bundle. Together in
time of sorrow. Together in time of
joy. Together on earth. Together in
heaven. Close companionship of God.
Hear him, "I will never leave thee, nor
forsake thee." "For the moment thou
shalt depart and the hills be removed,
but my kindness shall not depart from
thee, neither shall the covenant of my
peace be removed, saith the Lord that
hath mercy on thee." And when those
Bible authors compared God's friend-
ship to the mountains for height and
firmness they knew what they were
writing about, for they well knew what
the mountains were. All these lands are
mountains. Mount Hermon, Mount
Gilead, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi,
Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pis-
gah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount
Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai,
Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the di-
vine promise that all those mountains
shall be as the footstool of our God, and
move away from the earth before a
loving and sympathetic God will move
away from us as if we love and trust him.
Oh, if we could realize that according
to my text we may be bound up with
that God, how independent it would
make us of things that now harass and
annoy and discompose and torment us.
Instead of a grasshopper being a bur-
den, a world of care would be as light
as a feather, and tombstones would be
marble stairs to the King's palace, and
all the giants of opposition we would
smite down hip and thigh with great
slaughter.

God Is Near.
A God away in the heavens is not
much consolation to us when we get in-
to life's struggle. It is a God close by,
as near to us as any two articles of ap-
parel were near to each other in that
bundle that you sent the other day to
that shivering home, through whose
roof the snow sifted and through whose
broken window puffed the night winds,
that it was sanctified irony and holy
sarcasm that Elijah used when he told
the idolaters of Baal to pray louder,
saying that their god might be asleep or
talking or on a journey or gone a-hunt-
ing. But our God is always wide awake
and always hears and is always close by
and to him a whisper of prayer is as
loud as a trumpet, and a child's "Now I
lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard
by him as the prayer of the great Scotch-
man amid the prayers of Lord Claver-
house's miscreants. The Covenant said,
"O Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about
these children of the covenant," and a
mountain fog instantly hid the pursuer.
I proclaim him a God close by. When
we are tempted to do wrong, when we
have questions of livelihood too much
for us, when we put our darlings into
the world, when we are overhwhelmed
by physical distresses, when we are per-
plexed about what next to do, when we
come into combat with the king of wrongs,
when we want a God close by. How do you
like the doctrine of the text, "Bound in the
bundle of life with the Lord thy God"?
Thank you, Abigail, kneeling there at the
foot of the mountain, uttering consolation
for all ages, while addressing David.
No wonder that in after time he invited
her to the palace and put her upon the
throne of Judah.

A Valuable Package.
Know, also, that this bundle of life
will be gladly received when it comes to
the door of the mansion for which it
was bound and plainly directed. With
what alacrity and glee we accept of this
package that has been foretold by letter.
Some holiday presentation, something
that will enrich and ornament our home,
some testimony of admiration and affec-
tion! With what glow of expectation
we untie the knot and take off the cord
that holds it together in safety, and
with what glad exclamation we unroll
the covering and see the gift! We are
glad to have a bundle of color and pro-
portion. Well, what a day it will be
when your precious bundle of life shall
be opened in the "house of many man-
sions," amid saintly and angelic and
divine inspection! The bundle may be
spotted with the marks of much ex-
posure, it may bear inscription after in-
scription to tell through what heat and
cold, through what drenchings of rain and
scorchings of flame, but all it has
within undamaged of the journey. And
with what shouts of joy the bundle of
life will be greeted by all the voices of
the heavenly home circle!

Welcome Awaits.
In our anxiety at last to reach heaven
we are apt to lose sight of the glee or
welcome that awaits us if we get in at
all. We all have friends up there. They
will somehow hear that we are coming.
Such close and swift and constant com-
munication is there between those up
there and those down here that we will
not be surprised them by sudden arrival.
If loved ones on earth expect our coming
visit and are at the depot with carriage
to meet us, surely we will be met at the
shining gate by old friends now sainted
and kindred now glorified. If there
were no angel of God to meet us, we
show the palaces and guide us to our
everlasting residence, these kindred
would show us the way and point out
the splendors and guide us to our cele-
stial home, bowered and fountained and
arched and illumined by a sun that
never sets. Will it not be glorious, the
going in and the settling down after
all the moving about and upsets of
earthly experience? We will soon know
all our neighbors, kindly, graciously, pro-

standing wide open with invitation.
All the forces of the Godhead pledged
for our heavenly arrival if we will do
the right thing. All angelhood ready
for our advance and guidance. All the
lightnings of heaven so many drawn
swords for our protection. What a pity,
what an everlasting pity, if this bundle
of life, so well bound and so plainly di-
rected, does not come out at the right
station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast
out amid the rubbish of the universe.

Two Treasures.
Know also that a bundle may have
in it more than one invaluable. It may
contain an embroidered robe and a pair
of slippers. A bundle may have two
treasures. Abigail in my text rec-
ognized this when she said to David,
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And Abigail was right. We may be
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in one ring as ever were two diamonds
in one package, as ever were two vases
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Hear him, "I will never leave thee, nor
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Oh, if we could realize that according
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Instead of a grasshopper being a bur-
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all our neighbors, kindly, graciously, pro-

phetic, apostolic, scriphic, archangelic.
The precious bundle of life opened amid
palaces and grand marches and accla-
mations. They will all be so glad we
have got safely through. They saw us
down here in the struggle. They saw
us when we lost our way. They knew
when we got off the right course. None
of the 33 ships that were overdue at
New York harbor in the storm of week
before last was greeted so heartily by
friends on the dock or the steam tugs
that went out to meet them at Sandy
Hook as we will be greeted in the heav-
enly world if by the pardoning and pro-
tecting grace of God we come to cele-
stial wharves. We shall have to tell
them of the many wrecks that we have
narrowly escaped. We shall have to tell
them of our arrival some years ago from
New Zealand at Sydney, people sur-
prised that we got in at all, because we
were two days late, and some of the
ships expected had gone to the bottom.
And we had passed several derelicts and aban-
doned craft all up and down that awful
channel—our arrival in heaven all the
more rapturously welcomed because of
the doubt as to whether we would ever
get there at all.

God's Promise.
Once there it will be found that the
safety of that precious bundle of life
was assured because it was bound up
with the life of God in Jesus Christ.
Heaven could not but have had it, for
heaven lost because it had been said in
regard to its transportation and safe ar-
rival, "Kept by the power of God
through faith unto complete salvation."
The veracity of the heavens is involved
in its arrival. If God should fail to
keep his promise to just one ransomed
soul, the pillars of Jehovah's throne
would fall, and the foundations of the
eternal city would crumble and infinite
poverties would dash down all the
chandeliers and close all the banqueting
halls, and the river of life would change
its course, sweeping everything with
desolation, and frost would blast all the
gardens, and immeasurable sickness
slay the immortal, and the new Jeru-
salem become an abandoned city, with
no chariot wheel on the streets and no
worshippers in the temple—a dead Pom-
peii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum
of the heavens. Lest any one should
doubt, the God who cannot lie smites
his omnipotent hand on the side of his
throne and takes an affidavit declaring,
"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have
no pleasure in the death of him that
dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I
feel about it, the thought is so glorious.
Bound up with God. Bound up with
infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite
joy. Bound up with infinite purity.
Bound up with infinite wisdom. That
thought is more beautiful and glorious
than was the heroic Abigail, who at
the foot of the crags uttered it, "Bound
in the bundle of life with the Lord thy
God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate
the value of that bundle. See that it
is bound up with nothing mean, but
with the unsullied and the immaculate.
Not with a pebble of the shifting beach,
but with the kolihor of the palace,
not with some fading regalia of earthly
 pomp, but with the robe washed and
made white in the blood of the Lamb.
Pray as you never prayed before that
by divine chirography written all over your
nature you may be properly addressed
for a glorious destination. Turn out
over a new leaf of the old book, but by
the grace of God open an entirely new
volume of experience and put into prac-
tice the advice contained in the peculiar
but beautiful rhythm of some author
whose name I know not.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you
Do it.
If you've any friend to love,
True and needed, you or may,
"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have
no pleasure in the death of him that
dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I
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